

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 21-26; Humane Sunday, April 27

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Vol. 63

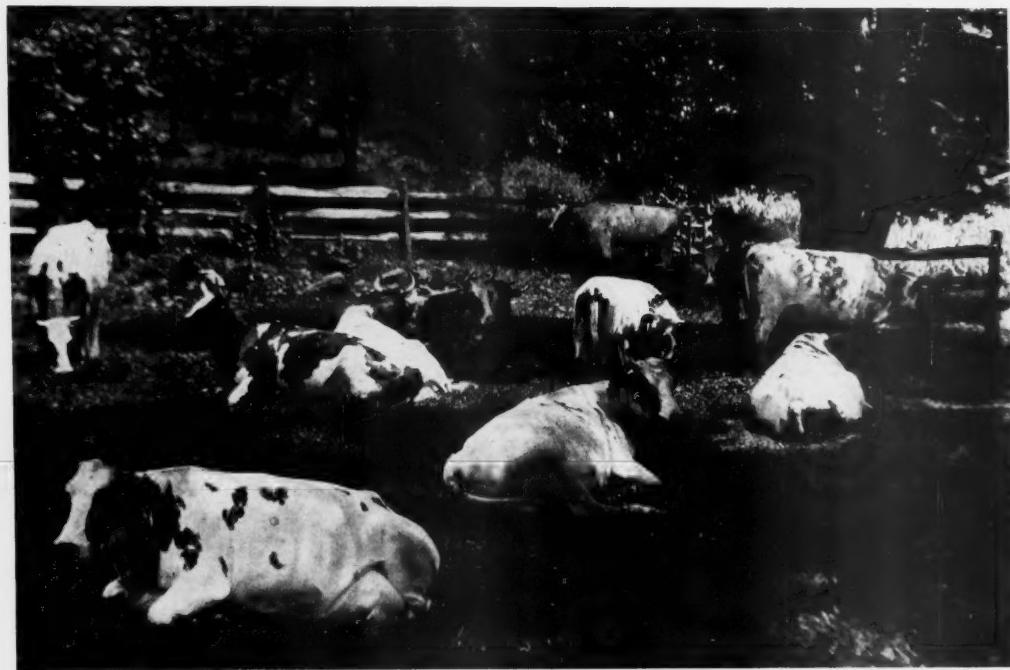
No. 4

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APRIL, 1930

Price

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Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Horace Wyndham

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Nora Campbell



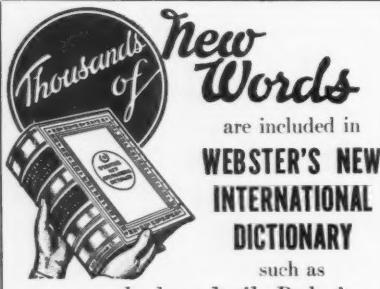
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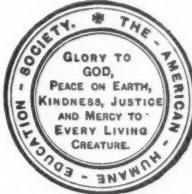
The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Vol. 63

April, 1930

No. 4

This is the month for the observance of Be Kind to Animals Anniversary and Humane Sunday. Remember the dates, April 21 to 26, and April 27.

A British member of Parliament is to present a mammoth petition to that body to abolish the vivisection of dogs.

Sir Robert Gower, another M. P., says never before in the country's history has there been so many bills before Parliament relating to the welfare of animals. We know of none before our United States Congress.

We are hoping that soon the new Indian Commissioner, Mr. Rhoads, will give us some evidence that he purposes to see that the Indians have what he promised, "A square deal." Up to the present the most of the deals have been crooked.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." Nothing is truer. Neither Plato nor Aristotle ever put a profounder truth into human speech. It was said once of a certain prominent Frenchman that he was born with two heads and no heart. A thousand heads could never make up for the absence of a heart.

From a French paper published in the interest of animals we are glad to learn that now for over a year, in the Department of the Seine, it has been forbidden to use a goad or a stick bound or studded with iron in driving cattle either upon the highway or in the markets or at the abattoirs. Will France ever supplant the old Grammont law with modern humane legislation?

We are rather proud of the Chicago Humane Education Society. It's one of the children of our American Humane Education Society. It's a live, fearless, determined organization. When Chicago gets its new dog pound it ought to bear a tablet at its entrance in honor of those women of the Chicago Humane Education Society who have done so much to make it possible.

The Klamath Indians

THE tribe bearing this name furnishes a fine illustration of the disreputable treatment our Indian fellow-countrymen are receiving at the hands of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Two years ago a committee was appointed by Congress to make a general survey of the condition of the Indian tribes and to investigate the relation of the Bureau both to the persons and properties of the Indians. The Committee recently reported. In the case of this one tribe, the Klamath, the report shows gross injustice, wasteful extravagance, indifference to the needs and rightful claims of the Indians, neglect in caring for their education, their health and their financial welfare. For example, in two years the overhead cost of the reservation increased from \$175,000 to \$270,000, these amounts taken wholly from the tribal fund. The experimental farm maintained at the reservation the committee finds to be a "complete failure, indeed a mere extravagant pretense, but the superintendent has continued to urge appropriations from the tribal funds for maintaining this acknowledged failure." No Indian is employed as permanent employee in the entire Indian Bureau force of the Klamath Reservation, although the Indian Bureau pay-roll met from the Klamath tribal funds exceeds \$160,000 a year with approximately 50 permanent employees. Every Klamath Indian man, woman, and child contributed in 1928, \$123.50 for Indian Bureau salaries alone, and for all the expenses of the Bureau, \$213. The committee also says in its report that recommendations made as a result of a careful inspection two years ago have lain wholly unheeded in the files of the Bureau.

Shame upon the United States! Shame upon the Bureau of Indian Affairs! Shame upon our Indian Commissioners! Shame upon all of us as American citizens who have remained silent, indifferent these long, long years while the Indian, though declared a citizen, has been plundered, deceived, the victim of corrupt officials and superintendents who seek their own ends while hopelessness, despair, sick-

ness, and disease cast their blighting shadows over these so-called "wards" of the nation!

The Anti-Steel-Trap Campaign

Will the Massachusetts legislature enact into a law the bill against the steel trap contained in the petition for a referendum? No one knows at the moment. Our opinion is that the voters of the state will have to decide the question, though should the legislature refuse and the voters approve, it would seem to show that the legislature is scarcely a representative body. The opponents of the measure made a pretty poor showing at the hearing before the legislative committee. Naturally, few had the courage to oppose so humane a measure except the trappers and the fur dealers. Several members of the legislature appeared and spoke for the bill.

The situation in Massachusetts is really one full of contradictions. By one law of the state you are forbidden to torture, torment, or mutilate, or deprive of necessary food or drink or proper shelter any animal. At the same time another law upon our statute books says you may take an animal in a steel trap, provided it hasn't an opening of more than six inches, and so, this is absolutely permitted, torture, torment, mutilate, deprive of necessary food and shelter, provided you don't keep this up for more than 24 hours. That is, you must visit your trap at least once a day. By which law are the voters of the state going to stand? We urge with all the earnestness at our command every voter of this Commonwealth who reads these words, should this measure finally appear upon the ballot, not only to vote for it but to work for the measure among all his or her friends that can be reached.

We are glad to see a recent editorial in *The State*, Columbia, S. C., entitled "Kindness to Dumb Creatures," in which an eloquent appeal is made for more sympathy and more support for societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. This should hearten our workers in the South.

At the Lion-House

ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

*Quietly, with topaz eyes,
He gazes past the staring crowd;—
Does he dream of other skies,
Remember being free and proud?*

*As he paces that small pen
Back and forth with tireless ease,
Royally aloof from men,
Does he see his jungle trees?*

*Does he dream of star-bright night
When he had his meat from God?
Does he ponder on his plight,
Tameless still, beneath the rod?*

*He stands aloof, ignores the shame
Of being gazed on as a prize,
And nurses at his heart a flame,
Quietly, with topaz eyes.*

Cruelty to a Lioness

A. DURSTON

A YOUNG man, who described himself as a lion tamer, has been found guilty by a Cape Town magistrate, and fined, for brutally ill-treating a partially paralyzed lioness in order, as the magistrate said, "to show off before the spectators" gathered round the cage. A witness said that he saw the tamer in a cage with two lions. "He was flogging a lioness with a whip, trying to make her climb on a stool, which she was unable to do because her hindquarters were paralyzed and dragging behind her on the floor of the cage. A native handed him a much heavier whip and the flogging continued. He next got an iron with two prongs and prodded the beast. The lioness tried hard to do his bidding, but repeatedly fell backwards." It was the practice for a tiger and a lion to fight as part of the show, but it was not clear from the evidence whether the paralysis was caused by a wound received from the tiger or from a prod with the iron prong. There was a wound on the animal's hindquarters which might have been caused by the prong.

The case has roused considerable interest in South Africa and members of Parliament have been interviewed on the subject of making menageries illegal, and some have expressed themselves in favor of a bill to that end. It is thought that the cause of education would be served if wild animals were kept in a limited number of large zoos and game preserves or national parks. Responsible opinion is that traveling menageries should be done away with. One member of Parliament said that cases such as the present one should be dealt with by imprisonment without the option of a fine, and, in extreme cases, by the infliction of lashes. "I will give my whole-hearted support to any bill that will restore to these captive creatures their freedom," he declared.

The *Cape Times* had a cartoon, reproduced in a recent issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, showing the lioness with her fore-paws on a stool, her hindquarters dragging on the floor and her head lifted up, as if saying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The Jack London Club was formed to eliminate cruelty from circus, stage, and cinema productions. Have you joined it?

The Training of Circus Animals

L. E. EUBANKS

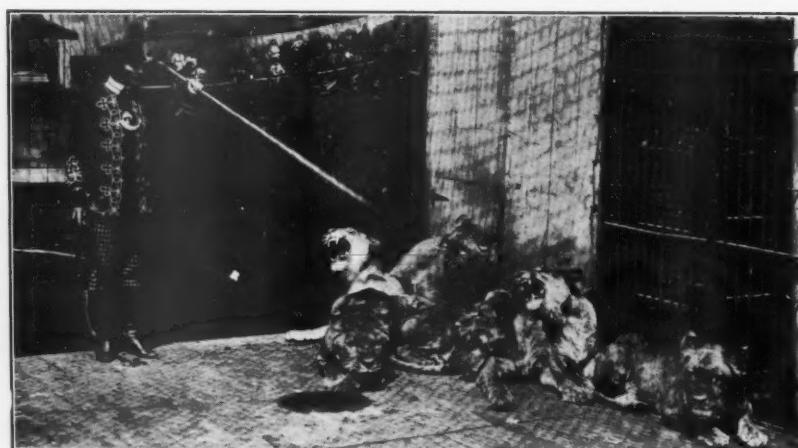
NOT long ago I read in an article on circus animals that the whip in a trainer's hands really means nothing. The writer stated that if we would observe, we would see that it never touched the acting animal, that the latter obeyed the crack of the lash.

No, you will seldom see a circus animal chastised in any way—that would increase the growing sentiment of protection for animals, and would be poor business for the circus owners.

"No, our trainers never whip the animals," say circus men; "we rely on kindness entirely."

in the performance, why are they never discovered going through the stunt voluntarily or on the suggestion of some one who has not figured in their training? Even in the very simple tricks—did anyone ever catch a dog sitting straight up on his haunches of his own accord? His barking when he sits up, under directions, does not necessarily evince pleasure; a dog barks many times when decidedly displeased.

The tiger trainer says that if he lost his nerve or showed fear in the cage the big cat would certainly kill him. It must be obvious that such an animal does his tricks through fear and nothing else. He hates



THE IMPLEMENTS OF TAMING—PISTOL, PROD AND LASH—PRECLUDE ALL "KINDNESS" METHODS

That sounds good; makes a hit with the public. But why have that lash; why does its crack make the animal obey? Because it is in the hands of the trainer? If so, why wouldn't some other sound, the crack of a pistol, for instance, answer just as well?

Because it is not the sound alone, but the sight of the whip and the knowledge that it has been used for punishment and may be again.

Most animals are severely punished while learning difficult circus tricks. I grant there are exceptions; but most trainers use the whip or some other form of forceful compulsion.

When confronted with the accusation, they reply that the animal's pleasure in the performance disproves it. Not at all; in most cases the animal's apparent joy is nervousness and anxiety to get the thing over.

The wild cavorting and apparent glee of an animal that has just gone through a difficult posing or balancing stunt is merely the natural expression of release from tension and strain. A sort of self-congratulation that he got through it successfully, without being abused by some one. This is not pride over the performance, as trainers would have us believe, but relaxation, joy over a tough ordeal put behind him, just as we humans sometimes feel.

Certainly a whip is not always in evidence, but the person who has taught the animal is there, the person whom he fears. If circus animals take so great a pleasure

his trainer, and usually with good cause; and hating him, detests every suggestion from the man. There may be no violence in evidence, but violence is not always the most poignant form of abuse. To spirit-break, intimidate a highly organized animal hurts it just as keenly as hard blows.

To Theater Patrons

SAYS Victoria Grey in the *Chicago Ledger*: "The tortures that the actors in the animal world are put through are cruel and hideously heartless. The trainer figures that those who die in the training on account of the cruelties are not worth keeping anyway."

Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation also says: "Moving picture apologists state that many of the brutal films exhibited are made by tricks. Of course, tricks are just as brutal and degrading in their effect upon the public as the real thing."

Membership in the Jack London Club is the most effective way to discourage and eliminate stage performances of animals as well as the cruelties in the making of moving pictures. Many trained animal acts have been discarded. They have much less drawing power than formerly with theater patrons since their inherent cruelties have been disclosed. This humane movement is attaining its objective with remarkable progress. Join the Jack London Club! Membership is unlimited!

Let Me Be Kind

*Yes, I could wish that I were bright and clever,
And favored with a keen and nimble wit;
That when among my fellows I might ever
Be qualified to do my brilliant bit;
But to the Giver of rare gifts, who proffers
The precious charms that grace the heart
and mind,
This is the prayer my soul with yearning
offers,
"Let me be kind."*

NIXON WATERMAN

An Unusually Intelligent Dog

W.M. W. BATHLOT

WAS driving a truck. My road led right by a goat herder's house. Angling across the road was a bunch of perhaps three hundred goats. I slowed down and stopped, for the road was completely blocked. The goats were not frightened by the roar of the engine, and they were in no hurry to get out of the way.

I was about to jump out of the car in an attempt to move the blockade, when a large dog, apparently a cross between a shepherd and a collie, came bounding toward me. I supposed his intention was to bark at the car. From his looks and actions I decided to take time by the forelock and sit tight.

He paid no attention to the car or myself. He worked his way between the front wheels of the car and the herd and by the weight of his body and the use of his teeth pushed a wedge of goats off to the south of the road. As the animals were drifting from northeast to southwest this made a very difficult undertaking for as fast as the dog forced an opening ahead, others would drift in and close up the gap. Four times he sprang to the assault before the goats were cowed and scattered and a lane opened so that I could drive through.

I reasoned that the animal had been trained to do stunts of this kind. Out of curiosity I stopped on my way back and interviewed his owner. I asked him if he had trained the dog to do that work.

He answered, "Me no train that dog to do that. He smart dog. He tends the goats and learns to do these things better than me."

I take off my hat to that dog as being a good thinker and a good manager of goats. I own that I could not have done as well.

The Dogs of St. Bernard

HORACE WYNDHAM

FOR most people who visit the Hospice of St. Bernard, perched high up amid the eternal snows in the mountains separating Italy from Switzerland, the chief interest is in the famous dogs connected with this establishment. Of all our dumb friends, there are none with a better record of devotion and service to humanity.

The kennels in which are bred the members of this historic pack are established just beyond the village of Bourg St. Pierre on the road to Orsières, where Napoleon once halted for a night when leading his "ever victorious army" across the Alps. As soon, however, as they are old enough, the puppies are transferred to the Hospice itself, and instructed in their special work of assisting chance wayfarers.

The original pack of dogs connected with the Hospice of St. Bernard was formed about the year 1812, being bred, as is the present one, from short-haired Newfoundlands crossed with Danish and Wurtemburg mastiffs. They had to be short-haired, as otherwise it would have been impossible for them to get through the heavy snow. During an early period in their history, a scarcity of food made it imperative to disband the pack; and some time elapsed before it could be reassembled. When the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was traveling in the district, he visited the Hospice, and was presented with a puppy as a souvenir. It did not, however, survive the journey to England. Perhaps it missed its companions. Two other specimens, however, purchased by a tourist during the early sixties, were more fortunate, and it was from them that the breed was first introduced into Great Britain.

The average strength of the pack maintained in the Hospice kennels is fifteen at a time. They are all remarkably good specimens, as big as young calves, and strong enough to carry a helpless man through the snow. Some of them measure nearly six feet from muzzle to tail, and weigh anything up to 150 lbs. Their usual coloring is a mixture of red and white, but some of them are tawny or brindled. Except when engaged in their rescue work, they are not always renowned for good temper or gentleness of disposition; and fierce quarrels among themselves (chiefly over the distribution of bones and choice morsels at meal times) are apt to occur. But the dogs have not been alone in little outbreaks of ill-temper; and it is recorded that, in "the good old days," it was the custom "to keep the pack in the refectory, to prevent fights among the guests."

The training of the St. Bernard dogs in their rescue-work is a systematic business, and begins when they are mere puppies. The first step in the process is to send out a young member of the pack leashed to a more experienced one. This prevents it getting lost among the passes. After a time, it is taken some miles from the Hospice, turned loose, and left to make its own way home. It soon discovers this, and can then be allowed out by itself and without fear of mishap. Before long, a young dog develops a very keen sense of direction, and will pick up the track in the heaviest snow and mist. He is then employed as a guide when the monks set off to bring food and fuel from Bourg St. Pierre and Orsières.

During such periods as they are used to search for and assist storm-bound travelers attempting to reach the Hospice, the dogs are despatched in couples. The object of this is to permit one of them to remain at the spot where the wanderer is found, while his companion hurries back and brings the rescue-party. There are many well-established accounts of the intelligence and courage and devotion they exhibit in this work.

By the way, there is a popular delusion about the St. Bernard dogs that should be dispelled, if only to prevent disappointment among American tourists visiting the Hospice. This is that they carry a small keg of brandy slung round their necks, with which to refresh such travelers as they may meet. In fact, there is a poem on the subject. It is unauthorized. The dogs do not carry brandy. They carry something much more useful, viz., blankets.

Like their masters, the St. Bernard dogs suffer severely from the rigorous climatic conditions to which they are exposed. They develop rheumatism and heart trouble, and seldom live more than six or seven years.

The most famous member of the Hospice kennels was one called "Barry." When he died after long service and with numerous gallant rescues to his credit, his body was stuffed and forwarded to the museum at Berne. In memory of his exploits, the biggest and strongest specimen in the pack is always given this name.

As was perhaps to be expected, the St. Bernard pack was hard hit during the war; and, confronted by a serious shortage of food, their number had to be reduced. Still, enough were left to carry on the work and traditions associated with them. In respect of these, they have often exhibited a sagacity and perseverance little short of human. Tireless and faithful, neither blinding snows nor thick enveloping mists have kept them back when called upon to succor the wayfarer. Yet it is said that they have outlived their original necessity, and that their continuance is threatened.

But this is not really likely to happen, for, so long as travelers still toil across the Pass to seek the shelter of St. Bernard's Hospice, the dogs will have work to do. Assuredly, they will not be found wanting.



EDUCATING THE DOGS AT THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD

Why?

CHRIS SEWELL

In that poignant story "At the End of the Passage" Kipling makes one of his characters (claiming at the pointless cruelties of life) cry "Heaven send us understanding!"

We may well echo the prayer when we read, as I have just done, on the self-same page of a daily journal two items of news.

The first tells with gusto, of a fox, hiding from his pursuers in a greenhouse flue, and being torn from that poor sanctuary and eviscerated in the town "after he had failed to climb a wall near the cattle market."

The second feelingly relates how a dog, struggling for a foothold in river slime, was heroically rescued by a news vendor, who, obviously at some personal risk, managed to drag the animal to safety after "the back part of his body had sunk."

Now the point is, not that the great Brotherhood of mankind includes demons and angels, but that the type can and do intermingle in one personality. For I would dare to wager that the "gallants" who gloated over that pitiful Reynard when (without the shadow of a sporting chance) he was snarled to pieces in the open street, would have seen no incongruity in dashing to the rescue of a dozen dogs in a dozen river beds.

It is not that hunting people have no hearts. They have; but those organs are extraordinarily selective. They shut for a bundle of muscle, sinew and fur here, and open—for a bundle of muscle, sinew and fur there; and their owners seem satisfied that it should be so.

And why?

Because, forsooth, tradition has decreed that certain combinations of muscles, sinew and fur are sacrosanct, whilst certain other combinations are created by Almighty God to be chased and salvaged at man's good pleasure.

The logic of the argument would disgrace a half-wit. It is futile, for example, to declare that the "sons and daughters of the wild" suffer less than the domestic pets.

Where is the proof of it?

So far indeed as proof can be found, it is mostly on the other side.

We have in England an eminent vivisector to whom dogs are devoted.

The fact that they love and trust him (heart-rending as it is in one sense) enormously lessens their sufferings. They go through no preliminary stages of anguished apprehension.

They believe so long as belief is possible, that he means well by them and often, when the anaesthetic does its merciful work, right up to the end that belief is never disturbed.

Do you see what I mean?

It is the creatures which do not recognize human beings as friends, because they have inherited, for countless years an instinctive dread of them, which endure most at their hands. They die—poor terrified, bewildered things—a dozen deaths.

The winding of a horn on a winter's day sends their wretched hearts thumping madly in their chests.

The smell of man—the sight of man makes them frantic with terror. For the fox the final bloody scene is but the goal at the end of a long avenue of unthinkable distress and fear. Nor have we any right to

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

"Carefree," the Unknown Quantity

NORA CAMPBELL

OUR humane societies have done a great deal to educate the public in a more Christian attitude towards dumb animals. But much remains to be accomplished, especially in the treatment of horses at so many of the racing stables throughout the country. Followers of the sport must know of the treatment to which the horses are so generally subjected. Why do they ignore it?

Get "behind the scenes" at any large race-track—almost an impossibility, so secretly are they guarded—shortly before the horses line up at the post. Watch the handsome thoroughbreds as they prance out in front of the stands, drugged to the ears, every nerve strained to the breaking point with maddening methods of torment. See them run with a hell of venom let loose within them, then visit the stables after the race and take note of the reaction.

This true story of a race horse, "Carefree," and his dynamic protest against all trainers and jockeys, is beyond doubt the most colorful in the realm of the racing ring.

This horse was timed the fastest two-year old ever bred. So bright was the future his proud owner indignantly refused \$75,000 for him. But Carefree had been born with an independence of spirit so abnormal it developed into a mania; with an intuition so acute that after his first harassing conflict with trainers, he turned outlaw and absolutely refused to train! At his first entry he approached the post apparently willingly enough, but a devil lurked in his eye. After raising Cain with all the other starters, he leaped the nearest fence and bolted for the stables.

These disconcerting tactics were followed wherever Carefree was entered. Finally, he became such a nuisance he was barred from every race-track in Canada and the United States as a dangerous and vicious animal that could not or would not train. He never won a race as a two-year old. At night his disappointed owner sweated in the throes of \$75,000 dreams, and at last, in

suppose that the actual tearing asunder of flesh is any more durable for him than it would be for the hound which pursues him.

Then how in the name of High Heaven do hunting men and women salve their consciences?

The chuckle-headed bromide that their quarry enjoys the chase, they have never believed. It is simply said to draw a very crumpled veil between them and reality.

Do they, one wonders, simply lack imagination, or do they deliberately stifle that God-given gift?

With their early ancestors it was a minus quantity and that was a mercy, for they were compelled to the chase in order to supply their households with food. But at this stage of the world's evolution the excuse of "necessity" no longer serves.

And so it remains for us, as we sicken at the senseless barbarism of it all, to transpose the petition with which I began this article, and to say of those who kill for play:

"Heaven send them understanding!"

disgust, threw him away for \$1,000 to a youth named Hilty—a youth with an inherent passion for dumb animals and an understanding of them nothing short of occult.

Who can explain the mystery of what happened? Perhaps the boy, unconsciously, was exercising the age-old power with which men were wont to train and subdue wild animals. True it is that within a week the confidence of this erratic race-horse was won completely.

From this time no effort was made to train Carefree. Each morning he was saddled and led out to wander whither his fancy dictated. Sometimes he would stretch his long supple body low to the course and run—a streak of blue-black into the wind. At other times he would refuse to do anything at all and return to the stables in the sulks. But he was never urged to do anything he did not want to do and, of course, never whipped.

After a year of this unique treatment, Hilty obtained permission to enter Carefree in a trial race. One can imagine with what thrills of ecstasy the nineteen-year-old lad saddled his horse for that most important tryout! But there was nothing to it. Carefree sauntered meekly to the post, started off like a gentleman and led at the finish by three full lengths! In the same week he won four races. Immediately his past was blotted out and he became a sensation.

By a strange custom of the turf, a horse owner represented in the race, has the privilege of "claiming" the winning horse at a value stipulated by entry contracts. To his dismay young Hilty had his horse claimed away from him nine different times! But each of the nine claimants was doomed to bitter disappointment.

It is here that the peculiar psychology of this most eccentric of horses was manifest. The occult sixth sense attributed to dumb animals must have been developed to an amazing perfection in this nobly bred and highly intelligent specimen. For it was quite evident to all who observed him, that Carefree had determined to win a race for no one other than the boy who had freed him from the drastic and inhuman treatment of the training course. Although he was sent to the post thirty-five times by his different owners, Carefree never won a race for any of them. He never attempted to race. If after hours of effort the trainers succeeded in putting the saddle on him, he would crash the fence, refuse to go to the post at all or run away. Naturally, each disgusted owner was only too glad to sell him back to the jubilant Hilty for a song. After these experiences no one had any desire to claim this "unknown quantity" of the turf and Carefree's destiny, as it were, became fixed.

Before a sprained tendon put him out of racing entirely, this horse won a large fortune for Hilty. He was entered in all the important races in America, Mexico included, and in two hundred starts lost the prize money only nine times! It is believed that this record, the longest list of consecutive victories won by any horse in the world, stands unbeaten in race-track history.

Odd Glimpses of Young Birds

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

YOUNG birds when first out of the nest are exposed to many dangers. Where the little fellows are large enough to fly well the danger is not great, but some of them leave the nest before they are able to fly at all. I often find them hopping over the ground in exposed places, where there is not a bush or a blade of grass to hide them from their enemies. No doubt, many such young birds meet tragic ends.

The young of some birds like the bobwhite, ruffed grouse, spotted sandpiper and killdeer, leave the nest almost as soon as they are out of the shell. But these birds are not as likely to meet tragic ends as young robins, brown thrashers, bluebirds and catbirds, because they are able to run rather rapidly from the start. They do not hop, stagger and blunder along, and they are able to hide to splendid advantage.

Last summer, I was picking cucumbers in the garden, when I heard the alarm notes of a bob-white near me. "Um-chip-chip-chip," the alarmed mother seemed to say as she hurried this way and that, now in plain sight, now hidden by the weeds and grass. I stood still and soon heard a number of low peeps coming from some grass at my feet, where one or more young birds were hidden. I did not dare move for fear of stepping on them. Finally, I moved a step and then noticed that a young bird peeped louder, as if caught in some way. Only after looking long and carefully did I discover him, held fast by a long grass stem on whose top I was standing. I released the bird and held it a moment. As I held it, it squirmed from my grasp and disappeared as if swallowed by the earth. Meanwhile, the others had been making good use of their time. Though I looked and looked, not another glimpse of a young bird did I get, though I was sure some of them were either hiding or scampering off near me.

A few years earlier, while making my way through a patch of weeds in an old field, I ran across a bevy of young bobwhites. The young birds were but a week or two old and looked like tiny brown leg-

horn chicks. The thing that surprised me most was the speed with which they ran—about all I could see was a number of brown streaks. One made the mistake of dashing for some weeds near me and hiding beneath them, and I caught and held him a moment.

However, most young birds stay in the nests until they are able to fly. And most of them are fed and guarded by their parents until they are full grown. It is a common occurrence to see parent birds feeding young birds fully as large as themselves. Such sights always prove amusing. Late in the season, one can hear the squeaky chirps of young robins as they urge their elders to hunt worms and berries for them.

Occasionally, one runs across nearly grown young birds that are quite tame. Usually, they at once take to their wings when human beings, animals and vehicles get near them. But some are not so wise. I once found a young robin perched on a fence near a shed. By advancing slowly I was able to get within two feet of it and to stroke it a few times before it flew off.

At another time, I found a young rose-breasted grosbeak perched on the wire of a fence. This bird no doubt could fly quite well, but though I stopped and took several pictures of it, it did not attempt to fly off. Some young birds, it seems to me, are more curious than afraid and let their curiosity get the better of them.

But the most interesting and unsophisticated young bird I ever met was a young cedar waxwing that visited our raspberry patch two years ago. I discovered the bird after hearing its shrill lisping call note. It was perched near the top of a thickly laden shoot, eating berries. Apparently, it had wandered off by itself, for we saw nothing of its parents or brothers and sisters, and cedar waxwings have never nested near the yard. At any rate, it had found a good place for a young cedarbird to spend part of its youth. We watched it for some time and then advanced until we stood within a foot or two of it. It cocked its little head and looked sharply at us, uttered a lisping

note or two, then resumed its search for berries.

I secured the camera to get some pictures of it. When I had the machine nearly ready, the bird flew off a few feet, alighting on another berry vine, and thus kept me from getting an exposure. Finally, by offering it berries, which it took from our fingers, and by snapping our fingers near it to attract its attention and keep it from discovering other berries and berry bushes, we managed to keep it perched in one place long enough to enable me to secure several pictures.

The Humming-bird's Nest

MARY WILDER PEASE

*Her nest a bit of down from thistles blown,
Caught lightly here and there with silken
thread*

Torn from some grim-eyed spider's raveled web

By Mistress Ruby Throat to make a home.

*A home scarce larger than an opening rose
She wove for nestlings small as velvet
bees,*

*How soft God's hand to fashion such as
these,*

*The tiniest fledglings that the bird world
knows.*

*Jewels with wings, how soon with sudden
dart*

*You'll poise above my honeysuckle vine
Or sip the sweetness from a columbine
Wooing through summer days my garden's
heart.*

*And since your throat has been denied a
song*

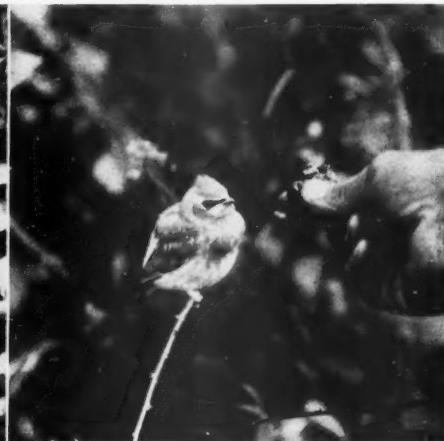
*You needs must make a harp string of
the air
And list'ning none shall miss your voice
or care*

So vibrant is the zone you flash along.

*Thrice glad shall be thy welcome, sparkling
guests,*

*Blest symbols of the change love's touch
can bring
Wherever God has placed some helpless
thing*

Be it in human homes or feathered nests.



YOUNG ROBIN JUST OUT OF THE NEST; YOUNG NIGHTHAWKS, HELPLESS AT FIRST BUT PROTECTED BY THEIR COLORS WHICH BLEND WITH THE SURROUNDINGS; AND YOUNG CEDAR WAXWING WHICH ACCEPTED BERRIES FROM THE HAND

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1930

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Carrying Germs

The following letter appeared recently in a newspaper and has been sent to us for *Our Dumb Animals*. It's a rather clever arraignment of the man who keeps telling us our animals are germ-carriers.

Speaking of Germs

Who says that cats carry germs? Who says that dogs do? You do, Mr. Sayso?

Then what do you say to this—if I remind you of the filth you carry on your own feet, which you deposit in your bedroom every night on dressing? Of the germs you carry on your ungloved hand in strap-hanging in the street cars? Of those you carry on that old glove of yours? Of the hundreds on those dollar bills in your pocket? Of the thousands on the door handles you touch? (For although we of course insist on the floors being washed, where the feet tread, we rarely wash the handles of doors, where countless fingers touch!) What about the railway carriage seat? the tavern table or the old church pew?

It's hard to say, Mr. Sayso, just what doesn't carry germs! Since germs are everywhere, I would say that everything that has surface carries them. So do not select our animal creation as if they were the only dread bearers of disease. You are just as much so yourself, aren't you? Your hands, your feet, your clothes, and even your lips, that foolishly say that domestic animals are to be condemned in this respect. We know the scientists are discovering the great harmonious value of plants, their scents and colors; and I venture to prophesy, in the quite near future, that they, too, will megaphone to the world the mental and spiritual estimate which really should be placed on the great big animal world.

ORA PRO NOBIS

Refuses \$1,000,000 For Champion Horse

Chicago, Dec. 5 (A.P.)—John D. Hertz today rejected an offer of \$1,000,000 for a champion, thoroughbred horse, "Reigh Count," made by W. T. Waggoner, multi-millionaire Texas oil and cattle man, and owner of the Three D stables.

The offer was said to be the largest ever made for a horse, the Aga Kahans' bid of "\$600,000" for "Solario," owned by Sir James Rutherford of Scotland, having been ranked as the greatest previous offer.

Listen to Angelo Patri

He says that the dog is the most loyal friend a child can have:

Children and animals ought to know each other better. I felt very much ashamed the other day when I read in the paper that a bird, a pheasant, a lovely, harmless, gentle creature, had strayed out of its place in the park gardens to be pelted with stones by unknown children.

I had hoped that children knew better than that. We will have to keep on teaching you the cruelty of ill treating a dumb creature. There's your dog. He is the most loyal little friend. Did you wash his dish and feed him on time or did you eat your own dinner and forget all about him? Is his bed clean? Have you washed his dish daily and put fresh water in it? Think of how you would feel if you were very thirsty and could find nothing to drink. And hadn't the power to ask for it. Poor dog. His tail wags so gratefully and the gratitude shines out of his beautiful eyes when you give him the slightest attention. No real boy would neglect his dog.

Dogs and cats and horses and all the creatures who share life with us have feelings, thoughts, fears, and they suffer from our neglect. Take care of your animals as you hope to be cared for or you will be very sorry some day when you have to hang your head in the presence of some noble dumb creature.

They Sang in Prison of Flames

Some of the valuable German canaries were found alive and singing in the hold of the blazing Atlantic liner, S. S. *Muenchen*, after firemen had given them up for lost. Although many of the feathered immigrants were soaked by the tons of water which were poured upon the North German Lloyd liner, they refused to let their spirits be damped, although their songs were a little feeble than usual.

The Open Hunting Season and the Steel Trap

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

Now that we have passed through one more annual orgy of blood and suffering caused by the open hunting season, it may be well for us to pause for a moment and take account of stock and see just where we stand in this matter.

We call ourselves a Christian, civilized nation. In some respects we are that, and in other respects we are very far removed from it.

We arrest and punish a man for beating his horse or dog and we call that a mark of Christian civilization. And then we allow thousands of men to go out in the woods and set steel traps in which millions of wild, fur-bearing animals and some domestic animals are caught and held until they starve to death, or are frozen to death, or gnaw off a foot in order to escape; and that is heathen barbarism.

We teach our boys and girls to be kind to the wild birds and animals, and when they grow a little older we give them a license to go out and shoot and kill and maim and mangle these same birds and animals, and that is inconsistent and cruel. We spend many millions of dollars every year in sup-

pressing the insect pests and then we license an army of five or six million men in this country every season to go out and shoot the quail and pheasant and partridge and woodcock, all of which are very effective insect destroyers. And that is economic foolishness, to kill just for the fun of the thing, the creatures who are helping us to protect our crops. The quail, pheasant, partridge and woodcock, are becoming fewer and fewer every year and will soon become extinct, unless this perpetual shooting can be stopped.

The wild American Indians killed birds and animals for food and from necessity but not for fun.

The shooting in many cases is not confined to the prescribed season or to the shooting of game birds alone. Two days before the open season began here in Massachusetts, I saw two young men with guns, crossing a field and heard them fire several times and from the flight of small birds near them I could see that they were firing at song birds. In general, these brave (?) hunters are an irresponsible lot, who seem to think that a license to carry a gun carries also the license to shoot at any bird or animal they happen to see. It is a pity that kind of a man can't have a steady, useful job.

If any birds or animals become destructive to anyone's property or crops the owner is justified in killing them,—I mean killing and not simply wounding them and leaving them to crawl away and suffer and die.

In general the gunner is a trespasser on private property, shooting the birds and animals that belong to the owner of the property more than to any one else.

We have a law against the snaring of wild birds and animals and there is infinitely more need of laws against this indiscriminate shooting and trapping.

The steel trap has probably caused more suffering than any other one invention of man. Several millions of wild animals are caught in it every year, and left for days and nights to suffer and die in the cold. If some one should set a trap on Boston Common and catch one of the gray squirrels and hold him a prisoner there for a day or a night there would be a storm of protest over it, and the man might be arrested for cruelty to animals. And yet, that same kind of thing is going on in millions of cases during the trapping season and nothing is done about it.

We talk about the brute creation. Who is the brute? There is no race of wild creatures that will inflict on each other such suffering as man inflicts on them.

Isn't it about time that a Christian civilized state or nation should rise and put a stop to these two forms of heathenish barbarism, the open hunting season and the steel trap?

Property owners are becoming rather tired of having this irresponsible horde of gunners turned loose upon them every year, to tramp over their fields and pastures, to tear down their fences and to torture and kill birds and animals which the owners of the property would like to have unmolested.

Sentiment won't stop it, but public opinion, backed by legislation, will stop it. "Thou shall not," armed with a "big stick," will put a stop to the annual slaughter of useful birds and the use of the steel trap.

GEORGE B. FOSTER
Brookline, Mass.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	10,895
Cases investigated	546
Animals examined	3,807
Number of prosecutions	15
Number of convictions	14
Horses taken from work	38
Horses humanely put to sleep	51
Small animals humanely put to sleep	984
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	15,628
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	45

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Charles A. Bacon of Bolton, Mrs. Milton Robbins of New York City, Dr. Marcus W. Knight of Milford, and Louise M. Sweet of Keene, N. H.

March 11, 1930.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a plate marked with the name of the donor. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

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W. M. EVANS, d.v.s.
G. B. SCHNELLE, v.m.d.
C. G. HALL, d.v.m.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 582	Cases 1,623
Dogs 411	Dogs 1,276
Cats 151	Cats 330
Horses 13	Birds 13
Birds 4	Horses 2
Monkeys 2	Monkey 1
Goat 1	Rabbit 1
Operations 500	
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915	86,437
Dispensary Cases	172,132
Total	258,569

Through the courtesy of the Community Church, Boston, President Francis H. Rowley of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will give a fifteen-minute address on Humane Sunday, April 27, at the service in Symphony Hall at 10.45 A. M.

MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in February

For failure to provide proper food and drink for one horse, one cow and heifer, defendant was fined \$50; fine suspended for one year.

Non-sheltering horse, plea of *nolo*, fine \$5.

Subjecting a horse to unnecessary cruelty by having it stand in snow, unsheltered, for eight hours, fine \$25.

Driving a horse when unfit for labor by reason of debility and lameness, plea of *nolo*, \$25 fine.

Holding horse while driver beat it with iron bar, \$25 fine; driver also fined \$25.

Driving lame horses, two defendants were fined \$20 in lower court, appealed, fines sustained in Superior Court.

Failing to provide proper food, drink and shelter for dog, plea of *nolo*, fine \$15.

Non-sheltering horse, convicted, case filed.

Failing to provide proper food for four cows, three heifers, one bull, two dogs, and thirty swine, \$50 fine.

Cruelly beating a horse, \$5 fine.

Driving a horse unfit for labor on account of lameness, convicted, probation six months.

Failing to provide proper food for three horses, fine \$35.

Permitting a hog to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty by reason of rupture, fine \$10.

Failure to provide two horses with proper shelter and protection from the weather, defendant, who had wife and six children pleaded guilty and was put on probation for one year.

Fine Collie Happily Rescued

A DRIFT on a cake of ice in the Potomac River and no one near enough to heed his S O S barks for help, was the recent predicament of a fine, pedigreed collie, "Boy," a pet along the river front. Boy, it appears, went for a frolic on the Virginia side where skaters had been spending the evening. Just how it happened is not known, but Boy got on some detached ice and floated around till after daybreak. Not how he suffered, but how he was rescued commands attention and merits our commendation.

It was due to a kind-hearted man, J. F. Windsor of Connecticut Ave., Washington, who was a passenger on the train to Richmond. When crossing the railroad bridge he spied the dog on the ice and sensed his distressful plight. When he reached his destination he could not get the predicament of the dog out of his mind, so he went to a telegraph office and wired his son, F. H. Windsor, about it. The latter at once organized a rescue party.

Volunteers a plenty came forth—railroad and bridge employees, many anxious spectators; an expert rope thrower stepped out and demonstrated his skill and Boy was quickly brought to terra firma. To the Rescue League he was hurried and there warmed and resuscitated. Through Boy's license his owner was located and there was a joyful reunion of dog and master at the League headquarters. "I can't express how grateful I am to the man on the train and to those who saved Boy," his owner feelingly responded.

Medals for Saving Dogs

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has awarded humane medals to two police officers of Winchester, Mass., Sergt. Thomas F. Cassidy and Patrolman Edward L. O'Connell, who recently risked their lives, on two occasions, in the rescue of dogs from the waters of the Aberjona River.



BARN SHELTERING (?) HORSE FOUND BY OFFICER OF MASS. S. P. C. A. IN SEEKONK



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor

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Miss Gilbert's Work in Maine

From a Maine newspaper we quote this appreciative notice of Miss Gilbert's work in the schools:—

"Miss Lucia Gilbert, representing the American Humane Education Society whose headquarters are in Boston, left Lewiston and Auburn, Friday on her way to Washington, D. C. Miss Gilbert had been here the past three weeks and in that time she spoke in all the public grade schools and in nearly all the parochial schools, on kindness to animals and birds. Nearly all the children joined the American Band of Mercy. Miss Gilbert told of her appreciation of the cordial reception given her by the teachers, the interest shown by the children, and she hopes this will extend to the parents. Miss Gilbert spoke occasionally in French before classes of very young children of that nationality."

...

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Cloister Chords

SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON, PH.D.
Professor of History, Mt. Mercy College, Pittsburgh

The Will of All Good Women

THE opening year ushers in a new epoch in world history. The culmination and the conclusion of this epoch will doubtless be a world community in a united world.

The ideals that ever shimmer just ahead are, in the end, overtaken, caught and clothed with reality. So it will be with the ideal of world brotherhood in world amity and world peace.

A powerful influence behind this epoch-making movement is the united will of all good women. Woman is the preserver of life; she is more intimately familiar with its mystery than man; she has a farther view of its value; she is more profoundly a lover of life. Ask the Gold Star mothers of the world as they stand before the long line of soldiers' graves what they think of life and of death and of war and world peace. They will make eloquent answer, and their answer will ring true from heart to heart.

Let all women's societies, all social and religious organizations, all teachers of little children unite effectively in the will to abolish war. Let them highly resolve that never again shall scenes as so frightfully and sordidly etched in "All Quiet on the Western Front," be possible in this world. Let them insist that history text-books shall cease to extol the military hero—bespangled, bemaled, bright in tinsel glory; but let them rather speak fearlessly of the capitalistic background of wars, of the Shearer betrayer of the men in the trenches, of the soldiers' desolated homes, of the women and children that wait and weep, of the living dead in veterans' hospitals, and of coming generations that are born into the bondage of war debts and war diseases. One generation throughout the world thus thoroughly imbued with the anti-war spirit would make the call to arms impossible, would render arbitration by the sword obsolete, would produce a clear-eyed race of men and women who would settle national differences in courts of international jurisdiction under judges who are neutral, wise, and just.

In the name of Christ, the Prince of Peace, and in his spirit let all good women of all the world go their appointed ways into the solemn duties of life's every day—yet ever mindful of the trust that the future confides to them, ever conscious of the efficacy of their united will to World Peace, ever prayerful unto the God in whose kind fatherhood all men are brothers.

Justice for the Indians!

JOSEPH W. LATIMER

WE have not a particle of faith in the so-called 'new' administration of Indian Affairs. The Indians are just as hopelessly lost as they ever were, if not more so, as the American public believe these men to be conscientious workers for the best interests of the Indians."

It is the authorized and accepted Washington delegation from the Klamath Indians of Oregon writing the foregoing. They represent an estate of \$30,000,000 with some \$1,000,000 to their credit in the United States Treasury.

They are considered so enlightened by our

Bureau of Indian Affairs that Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon, with the approval of Secretary Wilbur, has endorsed the so-called McNary bill now pending in Congress which provides for the incorporation of the Klamath Tribal property and that it, with the Indians, is to be free of further Bureau control.

But the Klamath Indians do not feel that this bill, as now drawn, fully protects their interests. At the last session of Congress a bill was passed specifically appropriating \$10,000 of their money to be used by their Washington delegation for expenses appertaining to their tribal legislation in Washington, but containing the usual provision "with the consent of the Secretary of the Interior" which primarily means the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

These Indians knew a lawyer long active in Indian matters and to them a trusted friend. He agreed to donate his services provided that out of the \$10,000 fund they should draw \$100 per week for his expenses in Washington for a few weeks to consult and advise them on their tribal matters before Congress.

However, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs told them that he "did not think they needed any lawyer" though the McNary bill has never been passed upon by any lawyer of the Klamaths' choosing. They reminded the Commissioner of his widely-heralded promise of "a square deal to the Indians." They appealed to the Secretary of the Interior on his promise "to treat the American Indian as a citizen" though held legally as a captive under the name of "ward."

The Klamath delegation conclude their letter with these words:—

"Commissioner Rhoads flatly refused to grant his approval of this \$100 a week. He did not give any reason—he hasn't any, other than that they know that under the law which gives them arbitrary control we are helpless. It is the most preposterous thing, and to know that it exists in America, 'the home of the free and the land of the brave'! Isn't it most ridiculous that we have all that money in the Treasury and all that evidence against them and still we are subservient to the Bureau?"

The Klamath Indians are indeed helpless as their only remedy under the law is to appeal to Congress, asking it to pass a new bill amending their \$10,000 special fund by striking out the words, "with the consent of the Secretary of the Interior."

Why should not the Klamath Indian have the same right, as is guaranteed all citizens to employ an attorney of their own choice, whether it costs \$100 or \$1,000 per week, with the fate of a \$30,000,000 estate pending before Congress?

Of Interest to Dog Lovers

The Mitre Press, of Mitre Chambers, Mitre Street, London, E. C. 3, England, is compiling a volume of true stories and anecdotes about dogs, and invites lovers of dogs to send any story or anecdote of any dog they know. Descriptions of any unusual characteristics or habits of doggy friends also are acceptable. The stories should be true, legibly written in the dog lover's own words, and not exceeding 300 words in length. The book will contain true stories about every kind and breed of dog, gathered from every corner of the world.

Covenanters

KATHARINE GUNDY

Honor the lusty dray-horses, with careless tumbled mane,
Whose muscles set their shaggy coats a-rippling with the strain.
Patient the bowing of their necks, gentle their dusty eyes
So kindly, and unquestioning, so trustful and so wise.

Great willing shoulders brace their weight to push the collar's load,
And strong in heart and silent go these Samsons of the road.
Outstripped by petrol or by steam, choking in scornful dust
They plod along with heavy feet that go because they must.

Far down the years tradition stands, when horse was all to Man;
The centuries of love and trust since History first began;
And now they stand a steadfast wall, spattered with labor's grime
The keepers of an ancient troth against the march of Time.

From "Memorial to George"

It's very strange, when you come to think of it . . . buying squirrels. The more one thinks of it the stranger it becomes. What is it that one buys? An evanescent glory of motion . . . a still, secret, far-seeing Watcher . . . a spirit, instinct with the gaiety of morning and with the gravity of night; with passion, with humor, with jealousy, with fastidiousness — utterly wayward, yet responsible; not to us, only to the Ultimate Authority — that Authority which ordered dawn and sap and fir-shoots and green cones and dew and dusk and the tall growing of trees. "MISS TIVERTON"



MISS VIRGINIA W. SARGENT (right), AN ENTHUSIASTIC PROMOTER OF BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS**The Heroism of Horses**

EDWARD E. WHITING

YOU have all heard of Pike's Peak, that high reaching of the earth towards the heavens, one of the countless grand heights of the Rocky Mountains. Today tourists come easily near it, and many have essayed to climb it on foot. But not so many years ago it was a far place, and not so easily come at. It was named, or the name somehow became attached to it, in honor of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who underwent hardships in the exploration of that region a little more than one hundred years ago.

Pike was born in 1779 in New Jersey, the son of a Revolutionary officer, and so coming logically by his venturesome courage and character. Zebulon became an ensign in his father's regiment; and when this country bought the Louisiana territory from France he was appointed to conduct an exploring expedition to trace the Mississippi river to its source. He successfully performed this service in 1805 and 1806. In the following years, 1806 and 1807, he made his famous explorations in the Louisiana territory, accompanied by about 20 men; and on this difficult journey he discovered the mountain summit now known as Pike's Peak.

In 1810 Lieut. Pike published an account of these two expeditions. Just who first called the mountain after him no one appears to know. He did not so name it himself, but the honor has fittingly come to him.

Pike's account of his journeys and his hardships, makes interesting reading, and renews enthusiasm for those hardy and splendid men. But now we are not going to say much about the Lieutenant and his brave companions—we are going to pick out here and there an occasional line or two that give a shadowy glimpse of one of the factors which made his success possible: his horses.

How many vast undertakings of which history has made record have this dimly suggested background of the faithful patient horse! The story is always, or nearly always about men; or about pioneer women. Yet in these journeyings and struggles the horse had his vital part. We sometimes wonder what history would be like if the horses wrote it!

These extracts are from Lieut. Pike's diary of the exploring trip in 1806 and 1807, through Louisiana territory. On Nov. 17, 1806, he wrote of the pushing onward towards the mountains, and there is this mention: "One of our horses gave out and was left in a ravine, not being able to ascend the hill; but I sent back for him, and had him brought to the camp."

It was hard work for the men; and it was hard for the horses. On Nov. 19 he wrote:

"I found it expedient to remain and dry the meat, for our horses were getting very

weak, and the one died which was brought in yesterday." And the next day: ". . . as our horses' loads were considerably augmented by the death of one and the addition of 900 pounds of meat, we moved slowly, and made only 18 miles."

By December they ran into severe weather, with gales and snow and low temperatures. It was rough work for the men. As for the horses: "The storm still continuing with violence, we remained encamped; the snow by night was one foot deep, our horses being obliged to scrape it away to obtain their miserable pittance. To increase their misfortune, the poor animals were attacked by the magpies, which, attracted by their sore backs, alighted on them, and in defiance of their whinnying and kicking picked many places quite raw."

Weather conditions were a little better by Dec. 10, but in the day's entry we find this about the animals: "Obliged to melt snow for ourselves and horses, and, as there was nothing else for the latter to eat, gave them one pint of corn each."

And as you heap up the measure of oats for your favorite pony, and see him snuggle his nose into the fragrant hay, give a thought to those enduring, tough, patient animals of Lieut. Pike, with their one pint of corn for a day's ration, on the slopes of the Rockies in midwinter.

Two days later matters became worse: "Owing to the weakness of our horses, made only twelve miles." On the next day: "One horse gave out, and was left." And two days later: "After repairing the guns, we marched, but were obliged to leave another horse."

Nor were the men much better off: "My poor fellows now suffered extremely from the cold, being almost naked. Distance advanced, ten miles."

What must have been the horse-thoughts on Dec. 20, when, as the diary shows: "Having found a fine place for pasture on the river, went our horses down to it with a guard."

Christmas day: ". . . eight hundred miles from the frontiers of our country, in the most inclement season of the year; not one person properly clothed for the winter, many without blankets, having been obliged to cut them up for socks and other articles; lying down, too, at night on the snow or wet ground, one side burning whilst the other was pierced with the cold wind; this was briefly the situation of our party." And what of the horses at that Christmas season? On Dec. 27: "Marched over an extremely rough road, our horses frequently fell and cut themselves considerably on the rocks." And a few days later: "Had frequently to cross the river on the ice during our march; the horses falling down, we were obliged to pull them over on the ice." And on New Year's day: "We had great difficulty in getting our horses along, some of the poor animals having nearly killed themselves by falling on the ice."

Away from the ice, and among the rocks; and ". . . advanced only one mile, many of our horses being much wounded in falling on the rocks." The land grew rougher the next day, and "finding it almost impossible to proceed any further with the horses

by the lead of the river, ascended the mountain, and immediately after were again obliged to descend an almost perpendicular side, in effecting which one horse fell down the precipice and bruised himself so miserably that I conceived it mercy to cause the poor animal to be shot."

So passed a hero!

A brave man was Zebulon Montgomery Pike, and brave were those who went with him; and if we read his journal aright, he was a merciful man to his beasts. Scattered all through his marvelous diary—marvelous in that he sets down with cool directness the facts, and spends no time in self-commiseration—are such mentions of his horses as we have quoted. He was doing great things, and doing them without boast or vainglory.

Lieut. Pike was not writing a story of animals, but of human achievement. His purpose was high and his performance was strong. But as he tells his story, simply and in homely English, we can get some little glimpse, through his eyes, of the plight of the horses which went with him. We see them hungry, doled out a pint of corn day, or led to some blessed little patch of grass where the sun had bared it of snow; we see them slipping, catching, sliding again, down the rocky hills, stumbling, bruised, anguished with pain—but faithful. We see them led wondering across the ice, the wind blowing a deadly gale, see them slipping and falling, and so drawn bodily across by the men; and we see them scrambling to their feet on the other bank, ready again to do their work.

There's a wealth of simple heroism in the lives of horses. If only a horse could write a book!

Sacrificed for Souvenirs

LEO I. MOONEY

HE wasn't always tailless. Once he sported a rear appendage second to none as he bore his proud rider through the thick of battle; but he is tailless now. And he is in that condition because of the public's homage; for that beautiful tail has departed a hair at a time as admirers surreptitiously yanked them out, then secreted them in their pockets for fear of detection and possible arrest. But it didn't really hurt the magnificent animal, because he has been dead these many years, as has his immortal rider.

This famous and now tailless horse can be seen in the Paris Museum of the Invalides, where Napoleon, his master in life, lies buried under the gilded dome. Other mementos of the famous Corsican are there, but the stuffed figure of the Arabian horse given him by the Sultan of Turkey is the biggest drawing card of all aside from the former Emperor's tomb itself. Souvenir hunters from all over the world have at last succeeded in removing the last hair from the horse's tail, which is a pity indeed; but, paradoxically, is also a token of their regard for the horse as an animal. The horse was associated with the great soldier in life, and his noble figure stands close to him in death.

Dr. John B. May, state ornithologist of Massachusetts, again calls attention to the great destruction of water-fowl by oil along the Cape Cod coast and in the waters of Long Island Sound.

The Contented Pig

ELIZABETH B. THOMAS

HE is now a distant but nevertheless bright spot in my memory, my first contented pig. In the grim business of the farm life of my early years it was a farm animal's place to be useful, not contented. Since then ideas of farming have changed most radically and farmers aim to have their stock well housed, well fed, and happy. But not then—O no, not then!

One morning in early spring when I was very small, I went with my father to a neighbor's house on an errand. The neighbor, a retired sea captain, was busily working in his orchard with lumber, nails, saws and other instruments of a carpenter's trade. My father asked him what he was doing and he replied, "Building a pig-pen." I can still see the expression of astonishment on my father's face as he said, "A pigpen! But what's the trouble with putting your pig in the barn cellar, same as everyone else?" Our neighbor straightened, smiled slowly, and said, "Well, I've been reading in a farm paper lately that a pig will do better and be happier if it's kept clean and I'm going to see if I can't raise a contented pig." Even to my childish ears those seemed strange words for a farmer. Why, pigs were always dirty, they were kept in the barn cellar where it was dark and filthy and fed on swill and emerged into the light of day only at butchering time. But as I walked home I began to wonder if, after all, a pig might not like to have a chance to be clean.

In due time our neighbor finished his pigpen, which was the talk of the community, and the pig arrived. I was one of the first to hang over the fence to look at him and to me he was a most marvelous creature. He was not an ugly, dirty white like all the other pigs of my acquaintance, but a pretty, bright red. And he was small and lively and sociably inclined. He seemed to appreciate visitors and to be proud of his home. And well he might be. His yard was in the orchard, on a side hill where it was always warm and dry. And in one corner of the pen was a little house with a floor on it of clean, new boards which had been thickly covered with straw to make a soft bed. He had a clean trough to eat from, and he was fed on grain and boiled vegetables instead of on swill. Every morning he had a pail of warm milk all his own. I almost envied him.



IT PAYS TO RAISE CONTENTED PIGS

That pig, much to my secret astonishment, was smart. He knew his master's voice and always answered when spoken to. And he could play tag, chasing his master around the pen and squealing with joy when the Captain finally climbed a tree and threw apples at him. He liked to have his back scratched and he even enjoyed having a bath. This last was more than I could understand. And I'll say for his credit that he seldom needed a bath for he kept himself beautifully clean.

Time passed and the contented pig, like all his race, grew fat and ready for slaughtering. His tender-hearted owner's grief at losing him was somewhat tempered by the fact that his pig weighed nearly 200 pounds more than the discontented, dirty ones of his neighbors. And now I'm pleased to say that the farmers of that section are pretty well converted to raising contented pigs.

Ants as Farmers

P. B. PRIOR

DID you know that among these wonderful insects called "a people" by Solomon, there are some who are expert farmers?

These ants—there are two species—collect the seeds of various plants in autumn and store them in granaries underground. Some special treatment by the ants hinders the germination of the seeds, though they are in a situation favorable to sprouting, and when the ants are prevented from having access to their granaries, germination takes place almost at once. Nothing is done to sterilize the seeds, for when it suits their purpose a portion of the stock is allowed to sprout—but only under control, as a master sprouts his barley, sufficiently to cause the transformation of the seed's starch into the sugar. Root and stem are then bitten off, and the seeds are dried in the sun for use as a food.

Several Indian ants have similar habits, but the go-ahead agricultural ants of Texas and Florida have improved upon the ancient methods of the Old World harvester ants; the Americans not only harvest grain, but grow it first. On an area of about four yards in diameter surrounding the main entrance of their nest they extirpate with their jaws every plant other than the so-called ant rice, which thus becomes a pure crop, and, in the absence of all competition, flourishes. These ants have also a clear idea of the importance of facilitating transport by making broad, straight roads through the bush and keeping them clear of encroaching weeds. Some of their grain stores are said to be at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface, apparently in order that seeds shall not be subject to the influence that normally brings about germination. In galleries near the surface they can induce germination when they wish. These agricultural ants have two classes of workers—major and minor—the majors conspicuous owing to their big heads and capable jaws, with which they crack the hard grain for general consumption.

Sir Walter Scott's Cat

MONG the other important and privileged members of the household who figured in attendance at the dinner was a large gray cat, who was regaled from time to time with tidbits from the table. This sage Grimalkin was a favorite of both master and mistress, and slept at night in their room; and Scott said that one of the least wise parts of their establishment was, the window was left open at night for puss to go in and out.

The cat assumed a kind of ascendancy among the quadrupeds—sitting in state in Scott's arm-chair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff beside the ears as he went by. This clapper-clawing was always taken in good part; it appeared to be, in fact, a mere act of sovereignty on the part of Grimalkin, to remind the others of their vassalage; which they acknowledged by the most perfect acquiescence. A general harmony prevailed between sovereign and subjects, and they would all sleep together in the sunshine.

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing room which served also for study and library. While Scott was reading, the sage Grimalkin had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire and remained with fixed eyes and grave demeanor, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature.

"Ah," said he, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of. Our Grimalkin here reminds me by the airs of sovereignty which he assumes that he may be a great prince incog., and that he may come some time or other to the throne."

WASHINGTON IRVING in "Abbottsford"

Will Not Kill Snakes

LOUISE R. MARSHALL

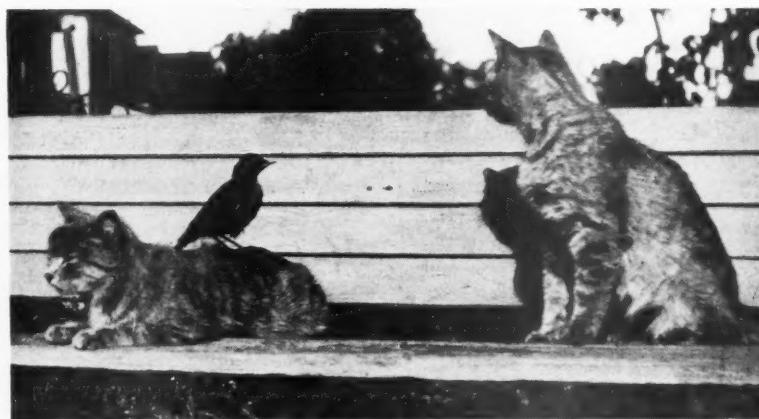
SNAKES would lead a care-free existence on the Hopi Indian reservation in Arizona if it were not for the white folks. The Indians would not think of harming a reptile. They are not snake worshipers, but each year during the month of August they hold a snake dance, in which real, live creatures are used, rattlesnakes and any other type taking part. This is a very religious observance, a thanksgiving for past favors and a supplication for moisture for their crops.

One gets a better understanding of the devoutness of this prayer when we consider that the Hopis live in a very arid section of the country and depend so wholly upon their crops. The water is supposed to be stored in vast reservoirs in the heavens above and beneath the earth and the snakes are chosen as the best intermediary between the Hopi supplicants and the gods who control the waters.

One does not wonder so much at the faith of the Hopis in prayers being answered when very often during the progress of the dance showers come up. Many times the spectators get a good drenching before they can get down off the mesa or even descend from the roofs of the houses from which they have witnessed the ceremony.

A Cat and Bird Friendship

GRACE MARY FRANKLIN



"THE ATTACHMENT BETWEEN 'ROBBIE' AND THE CATS GREW"

ONE chilly day in May, last year, Miss K., returning home from work, found two little boys with a young robin which was barely feathered. The nest which had sheltered it, had been blown down. Miss K.—bought the little, shivering bird for a dime and carried it home. There were already two pets in the home—"June," a sedate old mother cat and "Bud," a prancing young fellow of a cat. The little bird was given a supper of bread and milk and put to bed in a warm box. Within a few days the tiny feathered bit was hopping about the floor and the two furred creatures, with full stomachs which called for no food, observed its antics with round-eyed placidity.

"Come, Robbie, Robbie!" the new friends would call, and "Chirp, Chirp!" here would come Robin, hopping along. At night he slept in a corner of the woodshed and in the morning hopped joyously in to share breakfast with the family. He perched on the edge of a dish of cereal and raspberries and helped himself daintily. He flew to the shoulders of members of the family and chirped loudly. But Robbie seemed to prefer the society of cats to any human companionship. He seemed to know that old June, being a mother cat, could be cajoled into adopting almost any young, animal thing. He would sit on her back by the hour and peck curiously at her ears. June would only flick an ear, or turn her head.

Water would be poured into the cats' basin. One feline would stroll down for a drink, followed hopefully by Robbie, hopping fast, who would reach the basin at the same time the cats did and decide immediately to take a bath, spattering water joyously right and left. The cats did not like this very well, for Robbie would necessarily spatter much water and everybody knows that a cat has little use for water externally applied. Worse yet, when Robin had completed his ablutions, he would seek a vantage-point where he could dry his feathers. Where could he find a better place than old June's back, with his tiny claws firmly imbedded in her fur? Once nicely dried, Robbie would continue to sit there and chirp. June might arise slowly, stretch her feline length and pad softly across the room to a spot of sunshine, and he would merely ride

along. But he never tried to ride on Bud's back. Neighbors used to come in to see the performance. When anyone played the piano, the robin would hop up and down the keyboard, singing loudly, nimbly avoiding the player's fingers.

The attachment between Robbie and the cats grew. The bird was seldom out of their sight. He might fly to a tree and sing for a few minutes, but he was sure to return to the lawn seat where June lay basking in the sun and hop upon her back. If the cats were given some dainty Robbie had never seen before, he was apt to hop down and inspect the food critically, but if he decided against it, he resumed his perch without more ado.

As summer neared its end, June who was eight or nine years old, fell ill. She no longer approached her dish with a hearty appetite but sat instead with closed eyes and had to be coaxed to drink her milk. Robbie never deserted her. One day she died, and was interred under the snapdragons and petunias in the garden. Robbie hopped disconsolately about. He missed old June, that was evident. He hopped from one room to another and then across the porch into the flower garden, looking—looking. He made no attempt to sit on Bud's back, as he had sat on June's, although he followed the cat about.

One day, late in the fall, Robbie, who had taken to sleeping in a tree near the house, failed to come at the customary call. His friends inquired about the neighborhood for him. No one had seen him. Perhaps he joined a flock of his brothers, southward bound.

Dobbin Returns to Popularity

"They do come back," the old sporting axiom that "has beens" never get back into the limelight has been shattered in this district. At a funeral at St. Thomas, Ont., fifty horse-drawn cutters were in evidence, and only six motor cars.

During the last few years old Dobbin has been nearly extinct as far as road transportation was concerned, but the snow blockaded highways have brought him back to his former popularity.

—Montreal Star

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and fifty-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported during February, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 175 were in Maine, 68 in Massachusetts, 55 in Rhode Island, 46 in Georgia, 42 in Pennsylvania, 25 in Maryland, eight in Virginia, seven in Texas, six in Newfoundland, six in Tennessee, five in Delaware, four in South Carolina, two in Nebraska, two in Illinois, and one each in Arizona, Canada, Kansas, Kentucky, New York, Minnesota and Missouri.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 175,528

Bands of Mercy are being organized in Blair County, Pa., through the interest of Mrs. G. S. Calderwood of Tyrone, who has been giving a number of humane talks each year in the different schools. The children take part in humane plays presented at meetings of the Parent-Teacher Association, and also participate in meetings of other organizations. As a result of this activity, humane education is being presented by the teachers in the schools of this district.

The S. P. C. A. in Baalbec, Syria

One of the representatives of Mr. Rida Himadi, whose humane work in Syria is familiar to our readers, was sent to Baalbec where, encouraged by the director of the Gendarmerie Libanise, Major Elias Bey Moudawar, and by Bahij Shaban, a local S. P. C. A. was started. These leaders kept in touch with Mr. Himadi and first organized a Band of Mercy among Mr. Shaban's pupils in the government school. Others were interested to join in the new movement which was helped greatly by the journalist, Abdilaziz Rufaee. The work was extended to schools in several villages near-by, where Bands were also organized. Its practical aspect is shown in the work of the veterinarian, Ismail Hiky, in treating a number of animals. The police have co-operated and sustained the Society in its prosecution of offenders. Many birds have been released from cages, and many other humane deeds performed by the students of the different schools.

The Archbishop of Cape Town recently issued the following prayer for use in all Anglican churches in South Africa: "Let us pray for the animal world, and especially those that minister to man. O merciful Father, Who has given life to all things, and lovest all that Thou has made, pour into the hearts of men the spirit of Thy own loving-kindness, that they may show mercy to all helpless creatures and glorify Thee by that gentleness which is in accordance with Thy holy will."



GIRL SCOUTS AT ANIMAL SHELTER OF HUMANE SOCIETY, SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Indelible Back-yard Pictures

M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

JUST an ordinary back yard in Boston's largest residential district, Dorchester, yet I have seen many birds there at different times of the year. We have a few peach trees, a grape arbor, and rose bushes, so that there is greenery enough for them.

One day in June, I started toward the back yard from the street, when I saw on the rear fence a scarlet tanager! Where he had come from or why he was there I was never to know, but scarlet tanagers are not common in our part of the town. His vivid coat left a photograph on my mind, and the picture comes back now and then, like a tonic.

One morning in October, about 8.30, I stood in front of my dresser brushing my hair ferociously. A school master in which my little daughter was concerned had greatly disturbed me. I was getting ready to interview the master! With my mind in a turmoil, I turned to the window. There, on the topmost bough of a peach tree, right at the edge of the windowsill, stood a hermit thrush! And he looked directly into my eyes! Talk about ministering angels! Well, he did his work, for my disturbance left me as I looked at him. Another year a hermit thrush visited our yard in the fall migration. Such experiences one never forgets!

The Blackpoll warbler comes to our laburnum tree in the side yard each spring and autumn. I always expect to hear his song. I do not always stop to see him for I know his voice, but I am conscious of his presence.

Winters bring red and white-breasted nuthatches, downy woodpeckers and chickadees, for there is always suet awaiting them. Jays are frequent from October through the winter. Sparrows have about disappeared for the starlings have driven most of them away. But the starlings do not visit our yard. We are glad to give them all to neighbors who feed them. This fact may be the answer to the question, Why so many birds?

During warbler week my bird glasses often show Canadian and magnolia warblers, and there are often others so green with no markings that I call them all Tennessee warblers, all the time knowing that "things are not what they seem."

Orioles, both male and female, frequent

our premises when they first return from the south, and red-eyed vireos come to the peach trees occasionally. In the hedge separating the next yard from ours, on the rear of the lot, Maryland yellow-throats have sung for several years. They are not afraid and I often get quite close to them. And for the last three years a song sparrow has sung, off and on, all summer from this same hedge. There are no visible nesting-sites, but each season brings the music of these two birds.

One rainy day in October, midway in the afternoon, I heard a bit of music in the lilac bush on the side strip of grass by the dining-room window. A bird song in October, and such a song, was almost unbelievable! Bird glasses did not reveal him. He had flown. Then I began to identify that burst of song by the elimination process. I had just about placed him, when he came back to the lilac bush, an olive-backed thrush! Twice they have graced our yard in the spring, but never had one of them sing there. That picture stays, too.

And of course there are robins, whole families of them. They like the red berries which the hedge furnishes.

And all this beauty of color and song in a small back yard surrounded by houses and garages! But one needs must be in tune to the beauty and the music in order to receive it into the soul. Have you a back yard that prints indelible pictures on your heart?

"The Bird With the Broken Wing"

MRS. ROEDEL W. CHILDS

Piercing the gloom of a darkened room
Came the song of a robin one day,
A child who lay ill, caught the gay little
trill,

And it soothed all her sorrows away.

Each morning it came—in sunshine or
rain,—

The bird, with its carol of cheer,
But one day the strain voiced a message of
pain,
In the song the child held so dear.

Time passed away and one day at play,
Near the tree where the bird used to sing,
The little one found, 'neath the leaves on
the ground,
The bird with a broken wing.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Dog Owned By 300 Children

VINCENT B. WILSON

WON'T you give five cents to save our 'Jerry?'" With this caption, written on posters by childish hands, a save-Jerry-from-the-dog-catcher drive was recently launched among the pupils of the Sam Hughes grade school at Tucson, Arizona. In immediate response to the plea, nickels and pennies, sweaty from being clutched tightly in small palms, were brought to school and soon the fund was over-subscribed. A license tag and collar were bought. Now the shadow of the dog catcher no longer menaces Jerry, the school dog.

When the first pupil arrived at the newly built school three years ago, Jerry was there, wagging his tail. He has been there ever since. Once he was a friendless stray. Today he has slightly more than three hundred owners and playmates. Each pupil enrolling at the school automatically becomes part owner of Jerry. The dog lives on the bounty of his friends, and no mother of a Sam Hughes pupil ever put up a lunch without hearing, "Don't forget Jerry, Mamma."

Of the three "R's" of the school-room Jerry knows nothing, but of the three "R's" of the playground—running, romping, and rollicking—he is past master. Jerry insists upon taking active part in all games that are played.

Just before school time one day, Jerry fell into the hands of his arch-enemy. Like wildfire the news spread over the school yard that the dog catcher had Jerry. In a moment the dog's owners had rallied around. No dog catcher is man enough to face the indignation of three hundred children. This one turned tail and fled. Several other times Jerry narrowly escaped being taken to the pound, and at last his worried small owners collected the money and bought him a license. Now Jerry is safe.

My Purring Pussy

ELIZABETH ARCHER

OH, the soft caressing manners
Of my little pussy-cat,
Pressing gently up against me,
Coaxing for a loving pat!

Often when I'm sad or weary,
With my view of blessings blurred,
Vaulting to my lap, she's settled
Where she purred and purred and purred.

There is something very soothing
In that sound of sweet content;
Pets like her I can but treasure
As a blessing, heaven-sent.

"Mickey"

WILLA HOEY

JUST a community cat was "Mickey." Our first introduction to the gentleman took place one cold morning when we beheld him on the back lawn sitting in the midst of the birds, waiting for breakfast.

He appeared each day afterwards, but despite repeated invitations to the house he absolutely refused to come inside. He insisted on dining with the birds and, strange as it may seem, they would flock around him. Many times I have seen a curious pigeon or sparrow peck at what he happened to be eating.

When a year had passed our cat died and Mickey deigned to become the family cat. One day he called loudly at the back door, but when it was opened he refused to come in but asked me, as plainly as he could, to follow him, which I did. To my surprise, he led me to where a tiny sparrow had fallen from the nest in a tree and was helplessly fluttering on the ground.

A stray kitten, which we had adopted, was playing on the lawn, and it would appear that Mickey feared the fate of the little bird. Curiously enough, the kitten now does not bother the birds, although at first it made a business of catching them. We give the credit for its improved behavior to Mickey, who has constituted himself its guardian.

The much beloved Mickey is enjoying a peaceful old age which, in our opinion, he richly deserves.



STUDYING THE ANATOMY OF A BUG

Prize Contests Now Open

For Cartoons and Original Poems for Be Kind to Animals Anniversary

FOR the best cartoon illustrating kindness to animals, published in any periodical during March, April or to May 15, 1930, the American Humane Education Society will pay a cash prize of \$50; and for the second best, a cash prize of \$25. It is suggested that so far as possible the cartoons be published during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 21-26, and Humane Sunday, April 27. See the March number of *Our Dumb Animals* for conditions governing this contest.

For the best original *unpublished* poem of not more than thirty-two lines, promoting the objects of the national Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, submitted not later than May 15, 1930, *Our Dumb Animals* will pay a cash prize of \$50; and for the second best, a cash prize of \$25. See the March number of that periodical for conditions governing this contest, one of which is that all entries must be addressed to "Prize Poetry Contest" or the MSS. will be treated as regular offerings and *not* entered in competition.

Address all communications relating to these contests to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

From a College President

THE MISSION HOUSE

COLLEGE AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE
REFORMED CHURCH IN THE U. S.
REV. J. M. G. DARMS, D.D., PRESIDENT
PLYMOUTH, WISCONSIN

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

February 21, 1930

My dear Mr. Richardson:

You have been unusually kind and courteous in sending us your splendid magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, gratis. There is in it an appeal to a rich humanitarianism. The sympathy of animals should be a laboratory of a deep and richer sympathy for men. If we cannot be kind to animals, how can we be kind to men? Since these lack spontaneity and expression in human terms and language, God has given us an intuition by which we can understand their inner feelings and needs. We have been made custodians of the animal world, but God has never relinquished His right to animals or any form of life in the universe, so we must accept this as a stewardship. God trusts us to be kind to animals.

I am glad that you are pointing out the barbarisms of the age in the varied attitudes and practices of cultured human beings toward dumb animals. More power to you. Keep up the good work, and whilst

there are no people in the gallery giving you their plaudits, I am sure all the animal world, could it speak, would express its gratitude.

Thanking you for the stimulant to a high humanitarianism and a contributory knowledge of animal life and needs, as well as for the splendid gift of your magazine, I remain with kindest greetings,

Yours,
J. M. G. DARMS, President

A Ridiculous Editorial

From the *Flower Grower*

A RTHUR BRISBANE, well-known journalist, says in a recent syndicated newspaper editorial:-

"The human race will be healthier when all wild life shall have been eliminated, and all other life, perhaps, except that of human beings."

The author of the above statement may know much about Wall Street and financial investments in which his meditations often become top-heavy, but the grammar school boy with little of the chance of investigation that Mr. Brisbane has had, will not likely be guilty of making such an absurd and ridiculous statement as that quoted above.

If Mr. Brisbane is in earnest in the above editorial, he needs to make some adventures into the field of research and learn that if it were not for certain species of animal life beneath man that life on the earth would be quite impossible for man himself. For example, we wonder what Mr. Brisbane thinks would become of the human race were it not for bees and the other insects that are responsible for the pollination of food and raiment plants? What would become of the most important fruit crops without the lowly bee? How would mankind in the past have been able to conquer the wilderness without the assistance of the faithful old horse, and how would he have fared without many of the other domesticated animals? How would man be clothed and fed without the humble earthworm?

The fact is Mr. Brisbane would not be a journalist and would not be enjoying the necessities of life and the luxuries his wealth affords were it not for the gift of service rendered by animal life beneath him.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

There are two London firms which still own 2,250 and 1,600 horses respectively. In the matter of comparative costs a recent test made by a Manchester firm of cloth merchants showed the cost of horse delivery to be .852 pence per piece of cloth, against 2.454 pence for motor delivery.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

April Prayer

ALFARETTA LANSING

*I have been making little April songs
About a tree, a flower,—about a bird.
Is this the end of song—a pretty word,
A thought that to an idle mood belongs,
While any live thing languishes in thongs?
Is it not strange, my brothers softly
furred,
That I, who by your want am ever stirred,
Fall silent in the face of speechless wrongs?*

*I'd have no hurt beneath the seeming good,
No creature caged and cramped in a
dark tomb,
Nor any wild thing feel the shot that
kills,
I'd have no snare nor hunter in the wood
When April on the earth is bright with
bloom
And resurrection breaks across the hills.*

Teacher had been giving a class of youngsters some idea of proverbs, and after the lesson she put some questions.

"Birds of a feather do what, Peggy?" she asked.

"Lay eggs," piped Peggy, without hesitation.

—Tit-Bits

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL**An Annuity Plan**

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

**RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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